

there, meaning every word of it. Her blue eyes grew big and round as she listened to my confession, her elbows rapping mine deliciously. In a moment a great tear glistened in each eye.

"What is it, Flower?" I asked tenderly.

"I feel now that you are sincere, and that makes me the bigger deceiver," she sobbed. "I have deceived you more than you have me, but I really didn't think you cared so much, and I so hated to give up a career. But I am going to confess. Are you prepared?"

I stiffened.

"Alfred, I, too, am a millionaire," a sob shaking her body. "I am doing this office work—not as a lark—but to see how the stenographer in a downtown office lives. Can you forgive me?"

My knees were trembling, but I saw that opportunity was knocking, and said firmly: "No, not everything."

"Which one?" she asked.

"Sociology."

"After one has ridden a hobby so long one often dismounts, and often, incompatible as it may seem, one turns to strange extremes, such as being domestic, for instance.

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#### —o—o— She Won.

First Little Girl—Your papa and mamma are not your real parents. They only adopted you.

Second Little Girl—All the better. My parents picked me out. Yours had to take you as you came.

## THE INSOMNIAC'S DREAM.

By Berton Braley.

I'm tired of sanitariums;

I'd like to be the fish

That swim in the aquariums

With tails that wave and swish.

In manner alligatorial

I'd like to snooze as much

As, from time immemorial,

Do crocodiles and such.

The world might cease to hurtle  
now,

And I—I wouldn't mind,

If I could be a turtle now,

Or something of the kind;

That creature epicurean

Who always seems to sleep

And lie in ease silurian

For ages long and deep!

I'd like to join some family

As peaceful as the clam

That lives so coolly, clammy

A life of perfect ca'm;

Or were the blood more chilly in

My veins—were I a snake—

I'd sleep a sleep reptilian

And never, never wake!

#### —o—o— Good Advice.

"Popularity, popularity among the ladies, is a great help to any young man," said a speaker the other day, "and there is nothing like generosity to make a young man popular.

"I heard a lady praising a young man the other evening.

"'He is so generous,' she said.

'He takes mother and I out to dinner nearly every week. We dote on him.'

"Then she smiled and added:

"'In fact, we table d'hôte on him.'"